

# PORTLAND INQUIRER.

AUSTIN WILLEY, EDITOR,  
BROWN THURSTON, PUBLISHER.

All Men are Created Equal. -- Declaration of Independence.

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The Blind Boy.

The editor, from whose selection we take  
the following lines, has beautifully said that,  
for himself, he could not see to read them  
through:

It was a blessed summer's day;  
The flowers bloomed, the air was mild;  
The little birds pour'd forth their lay,  
And every thing in nature smil'd.

In pleasant thought I wandered on  
 Beneath the deep wood's simple shade,  
 Till, suddenly, I came on  
 Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged beech tree's foot  
 A little boy and girl stood;  
 His hand in hers she gently put,  
 And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near—  
 A tree-concealed me from their view—  
 But still they said I well could hear,  
 And I could see all they might do.

Dear Mary, " said the poor blind boy,

" That little bird sings very long;  
 Do you see him in his joy, " said  
 And is he pretty as his son? "

Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,  
 " See the bird on yonder tree? "

The poor boy, blazed and gently said,  
 " Sister, I wish that I could see! "

The flowers, you say, are very fair,  
 And bright green leaves are on the trees,  
 And pretty birds are singing there;  
 How beautiful for one who sees! "

Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,  
 And I can feel the green leaf's shade,  
 And I can hear the notes that swell  
 From those dear birds that God has made.

So, sister, go to me, kind,

Though sight, alas! I have not given,  
 But tell me, are there any blind

Among the children up in heaven? "

No, dear Edward, there all see;

But why ask me a thing so odd? "

O Mary, she's so good to me,

I thought I'd like to look at God! "

Ere long, dear's his hand had laid  
 On that dear boy so meek and mild;

His widowed mother wept and prayed  
 That God would spare her sightless child.

He fit her warm tears on her face,  
 And said: " Oh, never weep for me;  
 I'm going to a bright, bright place,  
 Where, Mary says, I God shall see.

And you'll come there, dear Mary, too;

But mother dear, when you come there,  
 Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—

You know I never saw you here! "

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,  
 Until the final blow was given;

When God took up that poor blind child,  
 And opened first his eyes—in heaven.

ANTIMONIAL WINE:  
or Taking Tolls.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Smith kept a drug shop in the little  
village of Q—, which was situated a few  
miles from Lancaster. It was his custom to  
visit the latter place every week or two, in order  
to purchase such articles as were needed  
from time to time in his business. One day, he drove off towards Lancaster, in his  
wagon, in which, among other things, was a  
demijohn. On reaching the town, he called  
first at the grocer with the inquiry—

"Have you any common wine?"

"How common?" asked the grocer.

"About a dollar a gallon. I want it for  
antimonial wine."

"Yes; I have some just fit for that, and  
not much else, which I will sell for a dollar."

"Very well. Give me a gallon," said Mr.  
Smith.

The demijohn was brought from the wagon  
and filled. And then Mr. Smith drove  
off to attend to other business. Among the  
things to be done on that day, was to see a  
man who lived half a mile from Lancaster.  
Before going out on this errand, Mr. Smith  
stopped at the house of his particular friend,  
Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones happened not to be  
in, but Mrs. Jones was a pleasant woman,  
and he chatted with her for ten minutes, or  
so. As he stepped into his wagon, it struck  
him that the glass demijohn was a little in  
his way, and so, lifting it out, he said to Mrs.  
Jones—

"I wish you would take care of this until  
I come back."

"O! certainly," replied Mrs. Jones "with  
the greatest pleasure."

And so the demijohn was left in the  
lady's care.

Some time afterwards Mr. Jones came in,  
and among the first things that attracted his  
attention, was the strange demijohn.

"What is this?" was his natural inquiry.

"Something that Mr. Smith left."

"Mr. Smith from Q—?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what he has here?" said Mr.  
Smith, not understanding his friend.

"The wine you left here in the gallon  
demijohn."

"That wasn't antimonial wine!"

"It was not?" fell from the lips of both  
Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

"Why, no! It was only wine that I had  
bought for the purpose of making antimonial  
wine."

Mr. Jones rose up in bed.  
"Not antimonial wine?"

"Why, the boy said it was."

"Then he didn't know any thing about it.

It was nothing but some common wine  
which I had bought."

Mr. Jones took a long breath. The doctor  
arose from the bedside, and Mr. Jones  
exclaimed,

"Well, I never!"

Then came a grave silence, in which one  
looked at the other doubtfully.

"It's a shame!" remarked Mrs. Jones  
warmly, "for you to do so."

"I only took toll," said the husband, laugh-  
ing. "No harm in that, I'm sure."

"Rather heavy toll, it strikes me," replied  
Mrs. Jones.

Meantime, Mr. Smith, having completed  
most of his business for that day, stopped at  
a store where he wished two or three articles  
put up. While the se were in preparation he  
said to the keeper of the store.

"I wish you would let your lad Tom step  
over for me to Mr. Jones's. I left a demijohn  
of common wine there, which I bought  
for the purpose of making it antimonial  
wine."

"O! certainly," replied the store keeper.

"Here Tom is and he called for his boy."

Tom came, and the store-keeper said to  
him,

"Run over to Mr. Jones's and get a jug of  
antimonial wine which Mr. Smith left there."

"Very well. And now, good by; the sun  
is nearly down, and it will be night before I  
get home."

And Mr. Smith shook hands with Mr. and  
Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but  
in vain, to leave the house in a grave, and  
dignified manner. Long before Mr. Jones  
had made up his mind to join the teetotallers,  
the story of his taking toll was all over the  
town, and for the next two or three months he  
had his own time of it. After that, it  
became an old story.

"Good-day," said the doctor, and went  
down stairs.

"So you have been drinking my wine, it  
seems," laughed Mr. Smith, as soon as the  
man with the stomach pump had retired.

"I only took a little toll," said Mr. Jones,  
buck into whose pale face the color was  
beginning to come, and through whose  
almost paralyzed nerves was again flowing  
the brain a healthy influence. "But  
don't say any thing about it! Don't for the  
world!"

"I won't, on one condition," said Mr.  
Smith, whose words were scarcely coherent,  
but strongly was he convulsed with laughter.

"What's that?"

"You must become a teetotaller."

"I can't do that," replied Mr. Jones. "Give  
me a day or two to make up my mind."

"Very well. And now, good by; the sun  
is nearly down, and it will be night before I  
get home."

And Mr. Smith shook hands with Mr. and  
Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but  
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had his own time of it. After that, it  
became an old story.

"I wonder if that really is wine?" said he,  
turning from the window at which he had  
seen himself, and taking up the demijohn again.  
The cork was removed, and his nose  
applied to the mouth of the huge bottle.

"Yes, it's wine, but I'll vow it's not much  
to brag of." And the cork was once more  
replaced.

Just then came a knock at the door. Mrs.  
Jones opened it, and the store-keeper had  
appeared.

"Mr. Smith says, please let me have the  
jug of antimonial wine he left here."

"Antimonial wine!" exclaimed Mr. Jones,  
his chin falling, and a paleness instantly  
overspread his face.

"Yes, sir," said the lad.

"Antimonial wine!" fell again, but huskily,  
from the quivering lips of Mr. Jones. "Send  
for the doctor, Kitty, quick! Oh! How  
sick I feel!" Send for the doctor, or I'll be a  
dead man in half an hour!"

"Antimonial wine! Dreadful!" exclaimed  
Mrs. Jones, now as pale and frightened as  
her husband. "Do you feel sick?"

"O yes. As sick as death!" And the  
appearance of Mr. Jones by no means belied  
his words. "Send for the doctor instantly,  
or it may be too late."

"O, doctor! I am afraid it's all over with  
me!" gasped the patient.

"How did it happen? What have you  
taken?" inquired the doctor eagerly.

"I took, by mistake, nearly a pint of anti-  
monial wine."

"Then it must be removed instantly," said  
the doctor; and down the sick man's throat  
went one end of a long, flexible, indigo rubber  
tube, and pump! pump! pump! The result  
was very palpable. About a pint of reddish  
fluid, strongly smelling of wine, came up,  
after which the instrument was withdrawn.

"There's," said the doctor, "I guess that  
will do. Now let me give you an antidote."

And a hasty dose of something or other  
was mixed up and poured down, to take the  
place of what has just been removed.

"Do you feel any better now?" inquired  
the doctor, as he sat holding the pulse of the  
sick man, and scanning, with a professional  
eye, his pale face, that was covered with a  
clammy perspiration.

"A little," was the faint reply. "Do you  
think all danger is past?"

"Yes I think so. The antidote I have  
given you will neutralize the effect of the  
drug, as far as it has passed into the system."

"I feel as weak as a rag," said the patient.

"I am sure I could not bear my own weight.  
What a powerful effect it had!"

"Don't think of it," returned the doctor.  
"Compose yourself. There is no danger to be  
apprehended whatever."

The wild flight of Jane through the street,  
and the hurried movements of the doctor,  
did not fail to attract attention. Inquiry  
followed, and it soon became noised about  
that Mr. Jones had taken poison.

Mr. Smith was just stepping into his wag-  
on, when a man came up and said to him—

"Have you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Mr. Jones has taken poison?"

"What?"

"Poison?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Jones?"

"Yes. And they say he cannot live."

"Dreadful! I must see him." And with-  
out waiting for further information, Mr.  
Smith spoke to his horse and rode off at a  
gallop for the residence of his friend. Mrs.  
Jones met him at the door, looking very anxious.

"How is he?" inquired Mr. Smith, in a  
serious voice.

"A little better, I thank you. The doctor  
has taken it all out of his stomach."

"How walk?"

Mr. Smith ascended to the chamber where  
lay Mr. Jones, looking as white as a sheet.  
The doctor was still by his side.

"Ah! my friend," said the sick man,  
and his voice, as Mr. Smith took his hand,  
"that antimonial wine of yours has nearly  
been the death of me."

"What antimonial wine?" inquired Mr.  
Smith, not understanding his friend.

"The wine you left here in the gallon  
demijohn."

"That wasn't antimonial wine!"

"It was not?" fell from the lips of both  
Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

"Why, no! It was only wine that I had  
bought for the purpose of making antimonial  
wine."

Mr. Jones rose

Teleki at Pesth, and so many others, Rosalie Gobert, Eugenie Guillemeau, Augustine Pead, Blanche Clouet, Prabell, Elizabeth Parles, Marie Reviel, Claudine Hibribut, Anne Sangla, the widow Combescore, Armatine Huet, and so many others still, sisters, mothers, daughters, wives, procribed, exiled, transported, tortured, executed, crucified. Ah, wretched women! What objects of bitter tears and inexpressible griefs! Feeble, suffering, sick, torn from their families, their husbands, their parents, their supporters, sometimes old and stricken in years—all have been heroines—many have been heroes! Ah! my thoughts at this moment rush into that tomb and kiss the cold feet of the departed in her coffin.

It is not a woman whom I venerate in Louise Julian, it is woman, woman of our days, woman worthy of being a citizen, woman as we see her before us in all her devoicedness, all her sweetness, all her self-sacrifice, all her majesty. Friends, in future times, in the beautiful, and peaceful, and tender, and fraternal, social Republic of the future, the sphere of woman will be great, but what a glorious prelude to this sphere are such martyrs as she herself to sustain Men and citizens, we have more than once said in our pride.

The eighteenth century has proclaimed the right of man; the nineteenth century will proclaim the right of woman; but we must confess, citizens, we have not hastened; many grave considerations, which should be carefully examined, have arrested us; and at this moment, at the degree of progress at which we have arrived, among the best Republicans, among the purest and most genuine democrats, many excellent minds still hesitate to admit the equality of the human soul in man and woman, and the consequent assumption, if not the complete identity of civil rights.

"Let us say it frankly, citizens, so long as prosperity continued, so long as the Republic stood up, women forgotten by us forgot also themselves; they have been limited to shining as the light, to enkindling the mind, to softening the heart, to awakening enthusiasm, to pointing out to all, the good, the just, the noble, and the true. They have had no ambition beyond that. They who, for the moment, are the image of the living country, who should be the soul of the State, have simply been the soul of the family. In the hour of adversity they have said to us, 'We do not know whether we have a right to your power, to your liberty, to your greatness, but we do know that we have a right to share your misery. To participate in your sufferings, your defeats, your destruction, your distress, your sacrifices, your exiles, your abandonment if you are without asylum, your hunger if you are without bread—this is right of woman, and this is what we claim.'

"Oh my brothers! these are the persons who follow us in the combat, who accompany us in proscription and who precede us to the tomb.

"Citizens! Since you have now wished that I should again speak in your name, since your commands have given to my voice the authority which would be wanting to an isolated utterance—on the tomb of Louise Julian as three months since, on the tomb of Jean Bosquet, the last ery which I wish to put forth is the ery of courage, of insurrection, and of hope!

"Yes, coffins, like that of the noble woman who lies there, indicate and predict the speedy fall of the executioners, the inevitable overthrow of despotism and desots—The proscribed one after another die, the tyrant digs their grave, but the day will come, citizens, when the grave shall suddenly draw in and swallow up the grave digger.

### The Latest Fugitive Slave Case!

TRAGIC SCENE OF CRUELTY AND BLOODSHED!!

We copy from the correspondence of the New York Tribune these horrid details. Men and brethren! must these things continue?

The letter is dated Wilkesbarre, Penn., Sept. 3d—

About 7 o'clock this morning, an attempt was made by a person calling himself "Deputy Marshall Wynnhoop," (a brother to Col. Wynnhoop,) answering the name of "Joe Jenkins," and three other assistants from Virginia, to arrest as a fugitive slave, a colored waiter in the dining-room of the Phoenix Hotel in this place. Immediately after receiving their breakfast at the hands of "Bill," the unsuspecting fugitive, who is a tall, noble-looking, remarkably intelligent and active mulatto, nearly white, they suddenly from behind, knocked him down with a mace, and partially shackled him; but, by a desperate effort and after a most severe struggle, with the whole five upon him, he shook them off, and with the aid of his handcuffs, which were only fast upon his right wrist, he inflicted some hard wounds on the countenance of some of the southerners, the marks of which they will probably carry to their grave.

But, notwithstanding the fearful odds against him, he managed to break from their grasp and with the loss of everything but a part of his shirt, and covered with blood, he rushed from the house and plunged in the river close by, exclaiming, "I will be drowned rather than taken alive!" His pursuers fired twice at him on his way to the river without checking his speed, and, on reaching the bank, they presented their large revolvers and called on the fugitive, who stood up to his neck in the water, to "come out and surrender himself, or they would blow his brains out." He replied, "I will die first." They then deliberately fired at him four or five times, the last ball supposed to have struck on his head, for his face was instantly covered with blood, and the poor fellow sprung and shrieked in agony, and no doubt would have sunk, but for the buoyancy of the water holding him up.

The people around, who had by this time collected in large numbers, were becoming excited, and could no longer refrain from crying out, "Shame, shame!" which had the effect of causing the southerners to retire a short distance, in evident consultation. The slave, not having seen his pursuers, came to the shore; but not being able to support himself in the water, he lay down on the edge completely exhausted, became senseless and was supposed to be dying; on hearing which, the slave-catchers remarked coolly that "Dead niggers were not worth taking South." Some one shortly brought a pair of pantaloons, and put on the fugitive, who in a few minutes, unexpectedly revived, and was walking off from the river, partly held up by another colored man, named "Lies"; on seeing which, his pursuers again headed him, drew and presented their revolvers, and called upon him to stop, threatening to shoot any one who assisted the fugitive.

When it became certain that the temperance democrats would support Mr. Vinton for the Senate, Mr. Shaw, knowing Mr. Webb, noted a hunker thought it the duty of the Free Democracy to support him. For this purpose, solicited by no one either to decline or delay, as he himself affirms, he took his name from the nomination of Mr. Webb.

The white friends of Rex instantly shouted "Stand away! stand away, Sir, you'll get shot to!" This was bad advice, as the world had not have dared to shoot at that time, and it had the effect of encouraging the pirates, who kept advancing toward the fugitive, and at the same time intimidated Rex, who drew back, exclaiming to the slave, "Put, Bill, to the water again; don't be taken alive!" The poor fellow, seeing himself alone, for there was a general draw-back on the revolvers being presented, turned and plunged into the river again, where he remained upward of an hour, with nothing above water but his head, covered with blood, and in full view of the hundreds who lined the high banks. His clamor dared not follow him into the water, for, as he afterwards remarked, "He would have died contented could he have carried two or three of them down with him."

In the mean time some of the citizens thinking there was no law justifying such barbarity, were taking means to have the kidnappers arrested. Judge Collins, one of our most respected citizens, and several others, questioned them as to their names and authority, to which they replied "He was more like a lunatic than a Judge," &c. They soon, however, saw the sentiment of the community was strong against them, and drove off before an officer could be found to arrest them. A telegraphic despatch to the constable in Hazleton caused their detention there; but he was overawed by pompous United States officers, and they were allowed to go again. After their departure, and waded

some distance up stream and got out above, and was found by some colored women flat on his face in a cow-field. The women carried him off to a place of safety, dressed his wounds, and at night he will be far on his way towards Canada.

The above is from an eye-witness of the scene. As the Tribune well remarks—"The case is enough to fill the strongest nerves with agony and horror. Here was a man—not even accused or suspected of any crime or vice, hunted and shot by ruffians whom he had just in unsuspecting confidence, chased across a river, and there fired at with ball after ball as coolly as if he had been a leopard or an alligator at bay—and all by virtue of what are claimed to be the Constitution and Laws of this free country? Who believes that a case of more atrocious, Satanic tyranny was ever witnessed in Russia or Dahomey?"

## Portland Inquirer.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1853.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1856,  
**JOHN P. HALE**  
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

M.R. HEZEKIAH DODGE,  
Of this city, is our authorized travelling Agent  
for the Inquirer.

### The Mass Convention of Three.

The memorable county convention, called in the purloined name of the City committee, came off last week in pre-eminent order. Eld. Shaw, who was present to behold, informs us that there were just Three actors and Three spectators.

The Three constituting the Mass Convention were JABEZ C. WOODMAN, T.H. TALBOT, EDWARD P. BANKS.

Mr. Banks was chosen chairman, and T. H. Talbot secretary, Mr. Woodman we suppose making the motions and doing the voting. The record does not show who performed the devotional service.

It was then duly and solemnly and unanimously resolved that "Messrs. Wiley and Thurston" had perpetrated a "fraud on the party" by placing the name of John Webb on the ticket! They had no "authority."

They then pitched Messrs. Webb and Vinton overboard, so far as appears without benefit of clergy, and proceeded to supply their places on the ticket. Who the committee were, to receive, sort and count the ballots, we are not informed, but we understand there was some dispute between Messrs. Talbot and Woodman as to which should be nominated. Mr. Talbot however won—by how large a majority the scribe saith not. Mr. N. G. Sturgis of Danville was also declared nominated for Senator, in the name of "the democratic convention" of Cumberland County.

But not stopping here, a standing county committee was chosen,—thus setting the regular organization wholly aside, and organizing a New Party permanently. Of course they are now entirely separate and distinct from the Free Democratic party of the county, and very properly omit to claim its name. The committee are—T. H. Talbot, Joshua Waite, N. G. Sturgis, Wm. Hobson, James Flint. How many of these will consent to stand in this embarrassing position we know not. We know some will not, and are totally opposed to the whole business.

After the more entertaining business was comfortably over, Mr. Woodman took the floor proposing to make a speech "if the audience would stop and hear him." But that high gratification they were compelled by other obligations to forego, and one of the last of the discourse informs us that he left Mr. W. standing silently upon the floor. We are told, however though we cannot vouch for its correctness, that he afterwards left it, and that the "Democratic County Convention" of THREE retired in a becoming and orderly manner—all but one to the private walks of life. They wherened twice and Resolved twice, but how large the committee on resolutions was we are not informed. But we learn that Mr. Woodman pointed some terrible ones at the editor of the Inquirer, which would certainly have "went off" had not the whole body rose en masse for our protection. We owe them our sincere thanks.

Well, this sham—this forlorn abortion was gravely and ceremoniously published as the doings of a legitimate County Convention, and spread most industriously all over the county to impose upon and cheat the people. In this manner the party is told that it has not enough to make proper nominators—that there is a responsible body of *Two* who will very patronizingly kick unfit candidates from the arena and step in themselves, on their own authority, and claim the votes of those simpletons who ought to have known what they were about without so much trouble. A man of susceptible nerves might blab a little in thus coming before society, but heroism appears to have been equal to the occasion. Thus much for the doings of the "Democratic County Convention" of THREE.

### Without Authority.

We have a full settlement to make with Messrs. Woodman and Talbot as they appear in their *Sentinel*. We told the party it was not to be relied on, we asked their confidence in our statements—it has been given, and now the proof shall be offered showing that confidence to have been well placed. We have now room to notice only the charge of collusion and fraud in the nomination of Mr. Webb.

When it became certain that the temperance democrats would support Mr. Vinton for the Senate, Mr. Shaw, knowing Mr. Webb, noted a hunker thought it the duty of the Free Democracy to support him. For this purpose, solicited by no one either to decline or delay, as he himself affirms, he took his name from the nomination of Mr. Webb.

The chairman of the county committee immediately invited a meeting of the committee, and plunged into the river again, where he remained upward of an hour, with nothing above water but his head, covered with blood, and in full view of the hundreds who lined the high banks. His clamor dared not follow him into the water, for, as he afterwards remarked, "He would have died contented could he have carried two or three of them down with him."

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### Maryland Correspondence.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 30th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR.—I think myself fully authorized by the present state of things in good old Maryland, to say a thrill of heart-felt joy will touch every friend of the "Maine Law" through the nation and the world when our news is fully promulgated and published abroad.

On Monday night, Aug. 22d, an adjourned meeting of the Temperance Convention was held in the expectation that the Committee of twenty on nomination would report ten names or more of "good men and true," as suitable candidates for a seat in our Legislature. Baltimore City is entitled to ten Representatives.

The Committee however came back to the Convention for more specific instructions, and the evening was spent in debate, without making head way. One said "we have done nothing."

Not so. Last night the Convention met again amid intense anxiety from friend and foe. Our friends outside anxious for success, our enemies bent on our defeat. Doct. Orriss presided with his usual dignified affability. Rev. Eli Yates Reese, at the opening of the meeting, rose and made a capital speech, which was a perfect "settler;" a grand Scoldolager; a sublime consolidator of all the Christian patriotism which the Temperance men had been bottling up in their warm hearts and strong souls for the last twenty years.

The Committee brought in a unanimous Report. It was promptly and unanimously accepted and adopted by the Convention. Then I guess the Welkin did ring in reality with three times three cheers. Father Keener, who has been fighting this battle since 1829, being in a mighty good humor declared it was very sweet music.

Said he, "the other day I was passing by the Ottawa Hall"—(a noted grog shop, where I have seen from twenty to forty persons at the Bar on the holy Sabbath Day, drinking)

and overheard somebody say, "Tom, it beats all Hell how these fellows, the Cold Water Boys, have got the start of us in this political campaign."

It is to be hoped that all Pandemonium will be beat in this awfully sublime and morally terrific combat. Routed forever—"horse, foot and dragoons." Two of the canadians were present, accepted the nomination and responded handsomely in a speech. James M. Lester told the story about the Old Lark and her young ones, the old man, his sons and the grime. "Mr. President—we have been calling on our friends and neighbors, our uncles, cousins, &c., to help us in the Legislature.—We have toiled and petitioned for twenty years or more. Our labors have been despised—our petitions treated with scorn and contempt. Now we are going to reap this grain ourselves, like the old graveyards, with fences half tumbled down, monuments standing at an angle of forty five degrees or broken off, and briars bushes and weeds overgrowing the whole, have disfigured New England landscapes long enough. Let the resting places of those we love be pleasant, beautiful retreats, then in the holy hour of twillight let us steal away from the cares of the day and by their lowly beds review the past and seek strength for the future.

At Quincy every friend of freedom will seek out the old homestead of the Adams family. This is a plain substantial two story farm house with nothing about it to show that its possessor ever was more than some "good old farmer."

And who will say that in the eye of the all seeing many an honest plough-dogger does not rank as high as even J. Q. Adams. "Where much is given much is required."

The route of the Boston & Worcester Rail Road through Brighton, Newton, Needham and Natick to Framingham, twenty one miles, is through a beautiful and highly cultivated country. A great many pleasant cottages of all styles of architecture are seen embowered among trees and flowers.

This is a very enterprising and flourishing town. In all directions new buildings are going up, most of them neat comfortable cottages for workmen. The citizens have purchased a lot of land containing about 40 acres, pleasantly diversified by hills, dales, ponds, trees &c., for a Cemetery, which they are laying out very tastefully. This is as it should be.

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At last Dix is on his knees—no—horizontal in the ditch. Miserable, fallen victim—three years ago pledged to the cause of freedom! If anything should rouse the people against that tyrant Power such facts should do it.

By a concerted movement, the Pillsbury and

the Kennebec Right

Hallowell, Sept. 12, 1853.

ED. INQUIRER.—Below you have the vote

of Hallowell for Governor:

For Crosby, 154.

" Pillsbury, 124.

" Holmes, 49.

" Morell, 47.

Scattering 1.

About half of the votes for Pillsbury were thrown by Whigs.

Vote of Kennebec for Governor:

For Crosby, 71.

" Pillsbury, 17.

" Holmes, 43.

" Morell, 5.

Vote of Hallowell for Representative:

For H. K. Baker, 192.

" G. W. Perkins, Jr., 149.

" A. Masters, 21.

Vote of Kennebec:

For H. K. Baker, 90.

" G. W. Perkins, Jr., 88.

" A. Masters, 7.

By a concerted movement, the Pillsbury and

the Kennebec Right

Hallowell, Sept. 12, 1853.

ED. INQUIRER.—Below you have the vote

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Vote of Kennebec:

For H. K. Baker



# THE FARMER.

From the Farmer and Artisan.

A few Days in the Country.

Mr. EDITOR.—To rid myself from the dust and excessive heat of the city, I made up my mind to spend a few days in the country, some account of what attracted my attention may be interesting to your readers. The first object that particularly attracted attention was some fine farms on the Presumpscot River, about five miles from my city. There are six or eight farms in this neighborhood that exhibit evidence of an unusual degree of industry, thrift and comfort. The beautiful intervale with which the stream is skirted, contrasted with the heavy growth of elms and other ornamental trees that cover the ground, gradually sloping eminence on the other sides of the river, adds much to the beauty and grandeur of the view. Mr. Walker who owns one of these farms has some ten acres of rich land, through which a small stream passes and empties into the Presumpscot, through an arch in a stone bridge not more than ten or twelve feet wide. By placing gates at high arch the whole flat could be flooded at pleasure and kept in ample condition to produce from 5 to 800 bushels of cranberries a year. It seemed to me a matter of regret that so fine an opportunity to cultivate a crop that pays so good a profit, and meets with so ready sale in our market, should remain unimproved, while hundreds of bushels of this articles is brought from Boston every year to supply the wants of our citizens. As I progressed towards the town of Windham my attention was attracted by a very luxuriant grape vine covering a large portion of the front of a cottage, near which was a workshop. Finding it to be occupied, I concluded to drop in and have a little chat about the condition of things in this neighborhood, which from appearance were in a very thrifty condition. It was rather gratifying to find myself upon the premises of Mr. James Hall, manufacturer of plows whom we have known by reputation for many years. Mr. Hall is comfortably situated to the things of this world, and does a snug business in the way of manufacturing ploughs, cultivators, horse rakes &c. He possessed a decided advantage over most manufacturers of farming implements. He has a large farm of his own on which he uses his implements, which affords him an opportunity to discover any defects in their form or construction, and remedy it. In this way he has been enabled during an experience of twelve years, to make very great improvements in both his ploughs and cultivators. In the course of my tour I have made it a point to enquire of farmers what plough they use, and find that nearly all meet with use either Hall's or Varney's. A man in Bethel told me that more than a hundred of Hall's ploughs had been sold in that town within a few years, and since their introduction, no other kind could be sold there, although Massachusetts ploughs had been offered at prices decided below what is paid for Mr. Hall's.

Mr. Varney has a shop not a great distance from Mr. Hall's (although it was on another road and I did not call at it) where he turns out a goodly number of ploughs yearly and I found them to be extensively used in his own and the neighboring towns. All who spoke of them, gave them a decided preference to any that ever has been brought from Massachusetts.

I will now barely ask our farmers, why it is that they will persist in patronizing foreign productions when a better article can be had at their doors, at a less price. Mr. Hall informed me that he had recently made a cultivator, to be used instead of a harrow, which those who have tried it, like very much.

The Messrs. Popes have a woollen manufactory in this town where they do an extensive business in making satinetts, cassimeres &c. They have recently erected a building, and put in operation a machine for crushing and grinding bones for manure, which promises to be a very useful branch of industry in this part of the country.

Passing a field of uncommonly stout corn I enquired of the proprietor what kind of manure he used on it, to which he replied, "I mixed 100 pounds of Salt petre with ten loads of top soil and road scrapings, and spread on an acre before I ploughed the land, then I manured it in the hill with hog and barn yard manure mixed about half and half."

I passed many fine farms in this town, from which I am led to the conclusion that the soil is of superior quality. One in particular, the neat and comfortable appearance of which led me to make some enquiries of the proprietor, who happened to be in the road as I was passing. His farm consists of fifteen acres only. The buildings are ample and commodious, being quite new, and substantially built in modern style. The only stock on the farm was two cows, two breeding sows—a cross of the suffolk and berkshire, and any quantity of fowls.

The two sows produced 21 pigs in the spring which sold for \$63.00 and were about to bring forth a second crop, which he thought would bring as much as the first. Besides the product of pigs, these hogs manufactured about 50 loads of manure a year. He cultivated but little land and got large crops. He sold his surplus produce at his own door, consequently lost no time in going to market, and had no occasion to keep a horse or oxen. His income from his farm is between four and five hundred dollars a year besides the support of his family. But few large farms pay well in proportion to their value.

Notwithstanding the fine farms, and the wealthy condition of the people in this town I am told that there are not so many persons in this town who are members of the county Agricultural Society as there are in any other town in their vicinity. This is not creditable to a wealthy community and it is to be hoped that the reproach will be removed before the meeting of that society next autumn.

## Sour Food.

Cattle fed on sour food, prepared by fermenting rye-flour and water, into a kind of paste, and then diluted with water, afterwards thickened with hay-chaff (that is hay cut small) are said to fatten quickly. This plan is adopted in France to a considerable extent and has been introduced years ago in this country. Although not generally adopted, it is deserving of consideration by graziers. With respect to the efficacy of acid food for fattening animals there is as on most of other subjects, a variety of opinions. It is well known that swine derive more benefit from sour milk than they do from milk in a fresh state; and there is no doubt but there are parties which promote digestion and facilitate the consumption of a larger quantity of food, and consequently expedite the fattening of cattle.—*Agricultor.*

## Spent Tan Bark.

The Pennsylvania Farm Journal tells of a successful application of tan bark, made by mistake to a portion of the editor's garden. He ordered a certain part to be well spaded and manured for beans, but the gardener dug up another plot and applied a heavy coating of pretty well composed tan bark. The soil was a stiff clay, and no manure was applied or had been to this bed for several years previously. The beans were planted and were the most thrifty and vigorous in the neighborhood, and the soil has become quite yellow, and appears to retain its warmth and moisture much better than any other in the garden.

## Chess.

I have seen considerable in the Farmer's Department of your paper, on the subject of chess, whether wheat would produce chess or not. Now if any one wishes to satisfy himself, let him select some good healthy stalks of wheat, and pull or cut the main or principal root, so as to break it leaving the smaller root to feed the stalk, and think it will be found that wheat will produce chess; and if chess is left to grow and seed itself for two or three years, it will further degenerate into a species of grass, similar to that known a mong farmers as "fowl meadow."—*Dollar Newspaper.*

To PREVENT RUST.—If rusty iron is rubbed with boiled oil, in which some red lead has been mixed, on a warm day, the rusting process will be arrested.

## Cabbages.

A little more than a year ago, I read, or dreamed of reading, that the cabbage grows in its native state upon the sea shore. I thought that salt might be advantageously incorporated in a compost for them. Fond of trying experiments upon my own hook, I took

1 bushel hen's dung,

1 peck ashes,

4 pts. salt,

1 bushel good earth.

Mixed well and put it into 15 hills, covered it one inch deep, and put in my seed. I raised cabages that sold readily for 10 cts. per head last winter. They were nice, though a bad season for cabages. When they began to head, I sprinkled a little fine sand, and then upon them, say a ten-spoonful at a time, at three different times, during the fall. My cabages never cost me so little labor, and never were so nice as to size and quality.

## My second subject is

### Green Fodder for Cows.

I usually take a corner of my corn-field to raise my fodder on—say two or three square rods for the cow. I put double the rows I do for common corn, put in from 12 to 20 kernels to the foot, and hoe once. I prepare the ground as for any corn. I have sown the yellow-flint mostly, but prefer the sweet corn. It is but a small job to try it, and it will pay large interest, especially in connexion with old pastures. Your cows will show it in looks and tell of it in the dairy.

## My third subject shall be

### Potatoes.

I intend to raise at the rate of 400 bushels to the acre, instead of 150. And how? says one small fellow my ground three feet between rows—put in a good quantity of fibrous manure—mix well with the earth, using a rake—drop whole potatoes as big as a goose-egg, two feet apart, and rake the earth upon them. That is taking pains, thinks one. So it is, but it will pay, for I have tried it. I tried it last year, and such potatoes never grew under my care before. Try it—it won't cost much but a little time and a few rake-teeth.

## Good Temper.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth, Nor yet one half so dear;

It's better than a distinguished birth, Or thousands gained a year.

It gives to poverty content, To sorrow whisper's peace;

It is a gift from Heaven sent; For mortals to increase.

It meets you with a smile at morn, It lulls you to repose;

A flower for poor and peasant born, An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,

To lesser evils care;

Tuns tears to smiles, makes dullness gay,

Spreads gladness everywhere.

And yet 't is cheap as summers dew,

That gins the lily's breast;

A magic charm for as true, As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow thro' the cloud, When threatening storm begins;

As music 'mid the tempest loud,

That still its sweet way wins.

## Olive Oil.

Having said something last week about the probability of the revival of oil-anointing, it will be of some interest to many to know something more about olive oil, than what was contained in the article to which we referred. Olive oil has been long distinguished for its excellent qualities, and it has been used from time immemorial, both as an article of diet and usefulness as applied to many necessary purposes, by the inhabitants of various countries. The olive tree grows wild and in luxuriant grandeur in the Holy Land, and its fruit and oil derived from it were and are used by all the dwellers in Syria and Judæa. The olives of the Grecian Isles have long been famous, and a great quantity of oil is exported from that portion of the world every year. Italy is also famous for its olives and its oil; throughout all the district of Terra d'Otranto, scarcely anything else is cultivated. The port of Galipoli in that country from which this oil is exported in great quantities to Germany, France, and England, has given its name to the oil, which is known to many only as Galipoli oil, and not that produced from the olive. The olive tree bears when two years old, but not fully for six years afterwards, when it becomes a tree before the blue flames in silence, until all were consumed; then they took a long breath, and turned wistfully to me.

"What is our only safe rule about intoxicating drinks?" I asked.

The children again surveyed each other, when Sarah timidly answered—

"Touch not, taste not, handle not."

"Frank, my boy, 'Touch not, taste not, handle not.' Never forget this, never fail to act upon it; never suffer yourself again to be imposed upon by a sugared temptation."

I have felt this wistfully. My boy, it may be, was acquiring, unknown to me, an appetite that might ruin him for this world and drag him to perdition hereafter. Is there not a great quantity mixed with vegetable alumine? The bags of pulp are therefore lifted up and into each is poured a small quantity of boiling water. This causes the pulp to swell, the alumine coagulates, and the more fluid oil flows freely. A certain quantity, however remains in the refuse, which is subject to further treatment, and is principally used for making soap.

As soon as the first run of fine oil is obtained, it is conveyed in skins to reservoirs, for future good keeping. The town of Galipoli, being built on a rocky island, is famous for its caverns, where the oil is placed and where it soon clarifies and can be preserved without becoming viscid. The oil is kept for seven years in these caverns, without becoming rancid, and when it has to be shipped is carried down in skins, run into casks, and sometimes the oil is sent off in the skins. The fine oil called *Florence oil*, is brought from Leghorn in bottles, and is of the very first quality. Olive oil is employed for making the castile soap, and it is also much used in the arts of dyeing Turkey-red on cotton, and for oiling wool. Owing to the great quantity of oil sold in our country as olive oil, it is our opinion that there is much deception employed by the sellers of it—that much oil is sold for the pure olive, which is not olive oil at all. We believe that the olive could be cultivated with profit in our southern States, and we hope that some of our planters may be induced to enter upon its culture.

## Musk.

This substance is an unctuous secretion of a glandular pouch or sack, situated in the skin of the abdomen of the musk-deer, inhabitant of the great mountain range which belts the north of India and branches out into Sibera, Tibet and China. It is also found in the Atlantic range near Lake Baikal, and in some other mountain ranges, but always on the borders of the line of perpetual snow. It is from the musk only the musk is produced, and the secretion when dry is of a dark brown or black color, and somewhat granular. Its taste is bitter, and its peculiar and penetrating odor is well known. It was formerly used in high respect as a medicine, and it is still so among eastern nations. The musk is eagerly hunted for the sake of its costly perfume, which, however, is always adulterated. Tavernier says that the odor of musk, when recent, is so powerful as to cause the blood to gush from the nose, and in this way he would account for the supposed adulteration of the article with dried blood.—Chardin also says, "It is commonly supposed that when the musk sac is cut from the animal, so powerful is the odor it exhales, that the hunter is obliged to have his mouth and nose stopped with folds of linen, and that often in spite of this precaution the pungency of the odor is such as to end in death." I have heard the same thing said of by some Armenians who had been to Boufan, and I think it is true. The odor is so strong in the East Indies that I could never support it; and when I trafficked for musk, I always kept in the open air, with a handkerchief over my face, and at a distance from those who handled the sacs, referring them to my broker; and hence I knew by experience that this musk was very apt to give head-aches, and is altogether insupportable when quite recent. I may add that no drug is so easily adulterated or more apt to be so." Tavernier states that at Pataua he once bought 1,673 musk bags weighing 2,557 1/2 ounces, containing 452 ounces of pure musk. The musk from Boufan, Touquin, and Thibet, is most esteemed; but it is supposed its strength and the quantity produced by a single animal varies with the season of the year and the age of the animal. A single musk-bug usually contains from 2 to 3 drachms. Musk is imported into England from China in caddies of 60 to 100 oz. each; that from Bengal is inferior, and from Russia of a still lower quality. The best is that contained in the natural follicle or pod. When adulterated with the animal's blood it forms lumps or clots. It is sometimes mixed with a dark, highly colored, fibrous earth; the musk is then of a more fibrous texture, harder and denser than genuine musk.

John was called up, and asked if it was a fact.—(John, by the way, was a favorite, both of the teacher and his school-mates.) "Yes," answered John, "I was not aware what I was about. I was intent in working out a sum, and requested the one who sat next to me to teach me the arithmetic that contained the rule, which I wished to see." The Doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John he could not suffer him to escape the punishment, and continued— "I wish I could avoid it, but I cannot, without a forfeiture of my word, and the consequent loss of my authority. I will," continued he, "leave it to any three scholars you may choose, to say whether or not I omit the punishment." John who placed himself under the care of Dr. K. may reasonably conclude, that a physician who is so fond of his patients, and so well informed in the practice of medicine, is deservedly one of the most popular and successful physicians in the country. Persons of position and wealth Dr. K. by letter (post paid), and are cured at home.

Packets of medicines, directions, &c., forwarded by sending a remittance, and will be sent to any address in the United States, and to all who feel the effects of the following maladies—

"A remittance of 25 cents, enclosed in a letter, addressed to Dr. KINKEEL, north west corner of Third and Union Streets, Philadelphia, will insure the delivery of the following articles, which are the victims of nervous and mental debility, and of stamping and melancholy despondency.—Dr. K. will say,

## AXES.

THE well-known property of the GENUINE HARTFORD COLLINS AXES, has made them manufacturers of the best axes in the country, and such axes are frequently sold by us as manufacture.

The GENUINE COLLINS AXES, which have been made under my direction for more than twenty-five years, are which have sustained such a diversified rep-

utation, are invariably made of the best LUMBER,

and are to be found at our Depot, the city of New York, and at the principal Hardware Stores in the large cities.

Sam'l W. COLLINS.

New York, April 1, '53.—

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